WALT DISNEY'S
Sleeping Beauty
Authorized Edition
Whitman
STORY HOUR SERIES
© Walt Disney Productions

WALT DISNEY'S

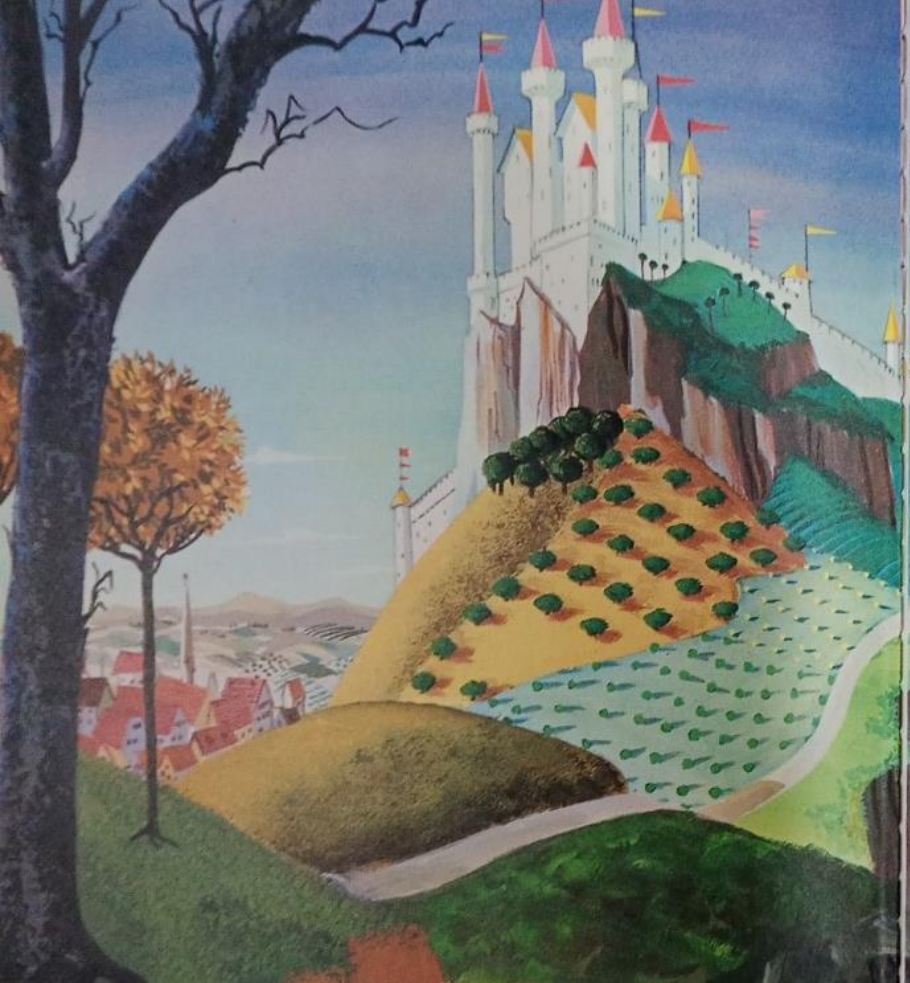
Sleeping Beauty

Illustrations by the WALT DISNEY STUDIO
based on the WALT DISNEY MOTION PICTURE "SLEEPING BEAUTY"

Authorized Edition

Copyright © 1959 Walt Disney Productions
World Rights Reserved

WHITMAN PUBLISHING CO., RACINE, WIS.
PRINTED IN U.S.A.



Long, long ago, in a faraway land, a lovely princess was born. Her hair was as golden as the sun, and her cheeks were the pale pink of the first clouds of morning.

"She is as beautiful and as full of promise as the dawn itself," said her mother and father. And after much thought, they named her AURORA, which is another way of saying Dawn.

On the day of Aurora's christening, all the great good friends of King Stefan came to honor his tiny daughter.

The king of a neighboring country came, and brought with him his young son Prince Phillip.

"Let *me* see the baby," demanded Phillip, just as little boys always do, and he stood on tiptoe to peek into the royal crib.

And the good fairies came—all three of them. Their names were Flora, Fauna, and Merryweather.

"I bring the gift of beauty, little princess," said Flora, smiling down at the lovely baby.

"And I bring the gift of song," said Fauna.

"And I—" began Merryweather—

But at that moment the great doors of the hall flew open. A cold wind sent the candlelight flickering up the walls, and the guests screamed in fright. A tall black figure appeared in their midst.

It was the wicked fairy Maleficent!

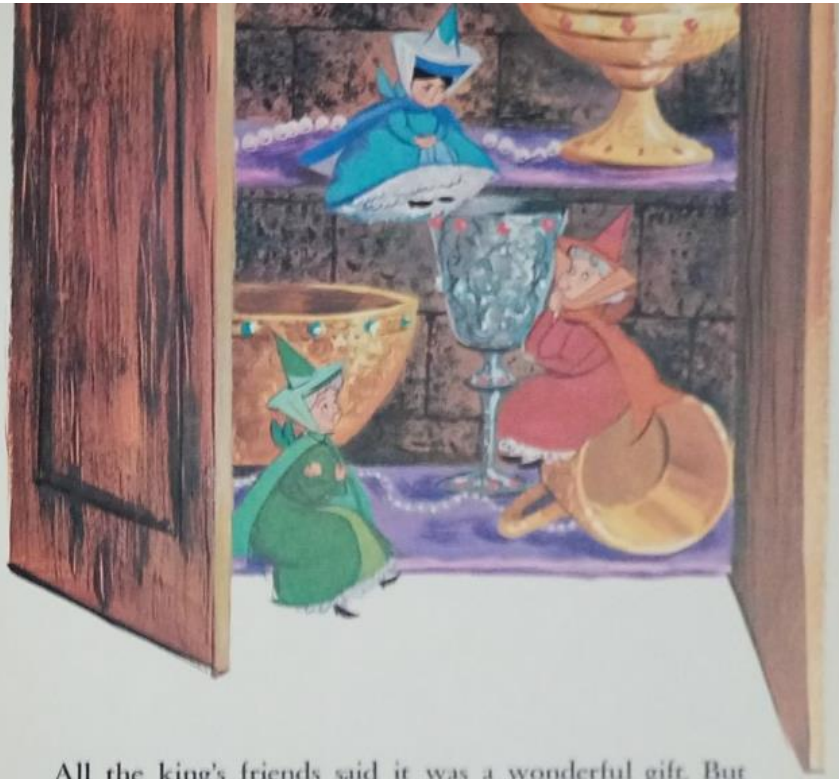
"I have a gift also," hissed the evil fairy. "And I shall give it to the baby now. This is my gift—when the princess is sixteen, she will prick her finger on a spindle and *die!*"

The queen sobbed and King Stefan shouted to his guards. The wicked fairy disappeared in a flash of lightning, leaving only the darkest sorrow behind her.

"What shall we do?" wept the queen. "Our lovely little daughter must die!"

"Please, your majesty," interrupted Merryweather, "I have not yet given the princess *my* gift. I cannot remove Maleficent's evil spell, but I will do all I can to save the baby."

She hovered over the sleeping child. "Little princess, if you *should* prick your finger on a spindle, you'll not die, but will fall into a deep sleep. Only the kiss of your true love will wake you!"



All the king's friends said it was a wonderful gift. But the fairies knew that Aurora's life was still in danger.

"We must have a plan," they said. "We must guard the princess till she grows up. We must hide her safely in—in—

—in the old cottage deep in the forest!"

The king and queen agreed sadly to the plan. They allowed the good fairies to take the baby deep into the forest, and to change her name to Briar Rose. It was very hard to give up the child they loved, but the king knew the power of Maleficent and he feared her from the bottom of his heart.

Years passed, and Briar Rose grew in beauty and in grace. The three fairies surrounded her with love, and the animals came from the secret places of the forest to play with her. The little girl was very happy.

At last a very special day arrived. It was Briar Rose's sixteenth birthday.

"We must have a wonderful party!" exclaimed Flora. "With cake—and candles—and everything!"

"And then our Rose must return to her father's palace," added Merryweather regretfully. "We have promised King Stefan that it will be so."

That afternoon the fairies were very busy.

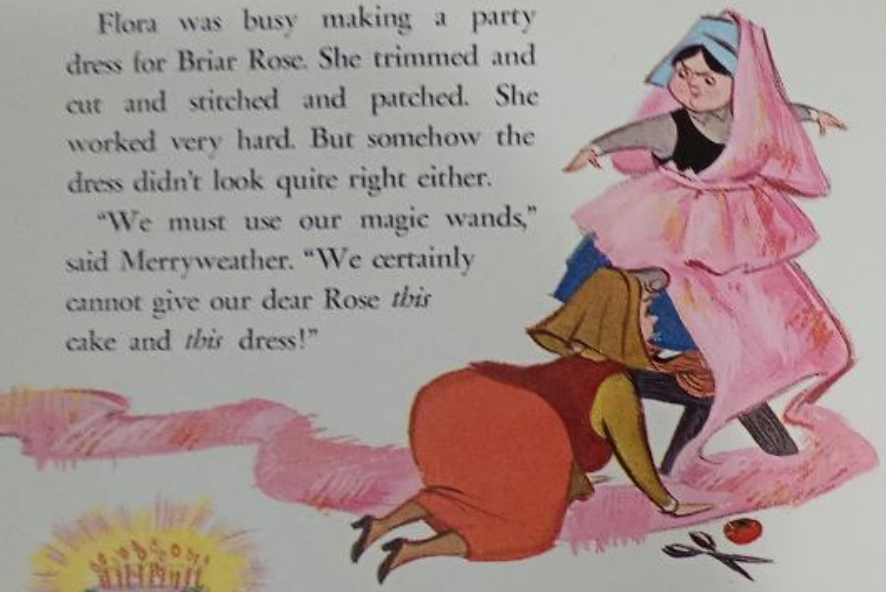
"I'll make the cake," said Fauna. "Fifteen layers high, with pink icing and blue forget-me-nots on it!"

She measured and poured and sifted and mixed. She worked very hard!

But somehow the cake didn't look quite right.

Flora was busy making a party dress for Briar Rose. She trimmed and cut and stitched and patched. She worked very hard. But somehow the dress didn't look quite right either.

"We must use our magic wands," said Merryweather. "We certainly cannot give our dear Rose *this* cake and *this* dress!"



The three fairies found their magic wands and waved them through the air.

At once the cake stood tall and beautiful, glittering with candles.

The dress became a lovely pink gown, the color of rosebuds in June.

But Merryweather still wasn't happy.

"Not a *pink* dress!" she cried. "It must be blue!"

She waved her wand, and the dress became the blue of spring skies.

Fauna watched anxiously. She hoped her sisters would stop their arguing before Briar Rose came home from the forest.

"Not blue—pink!" cried Flora. And the dress was pink once more.

"Blue!"

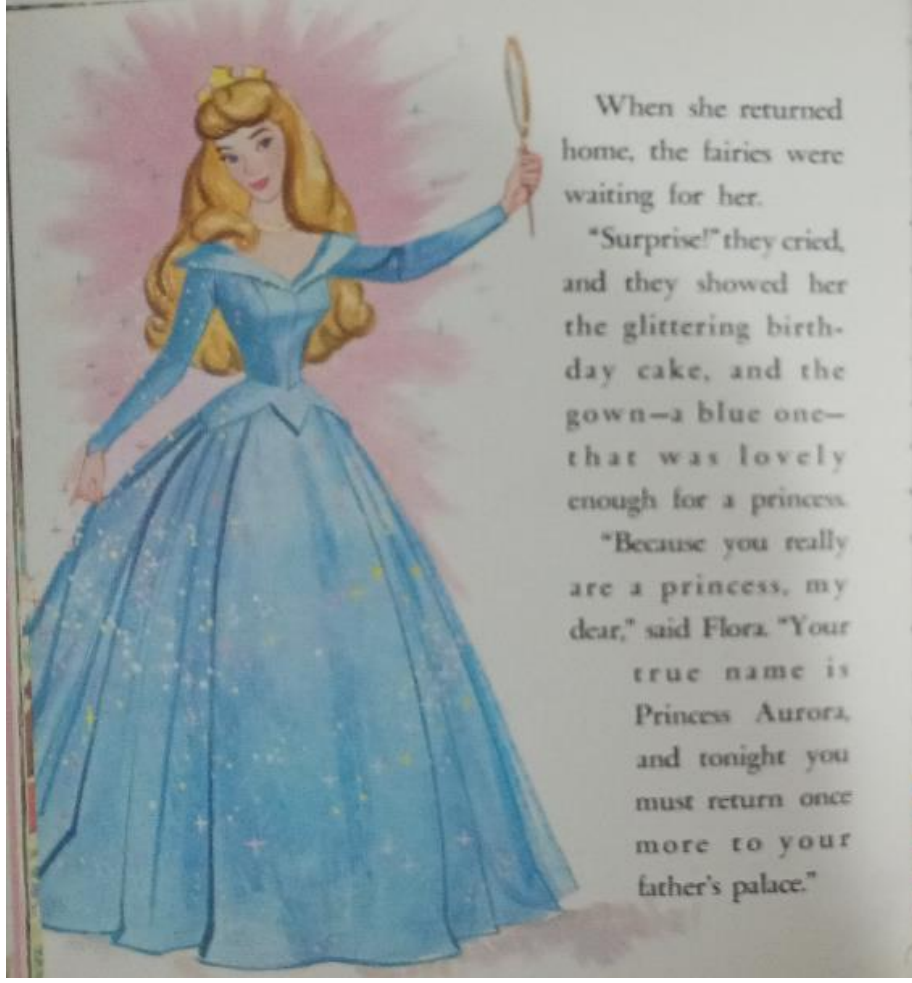
"Pink!"

"Blue!"

While the fairies baked and sewed and argued, Briar Rose was looking for berries. She loved the green, sweet-smelling woods, and the animals who lived there. But today she was a little bit lonely. How wonderful it would be, she thought, to have a friend!

And suddenly there he was. A young man stepped from the trees. He was tall and handsome, and although Briar Rose did not guess it, he was a prince. Once, longer ago than either of them could remember, he had stood on tip-toe to see Princess Aurora lying in her royal crib.

Briar Rose's heart nearly burst with joy. She knew, as soon as the young man spoke to her, that at last her own true love had come.



When she returned home, the fairies were waiting for her.

"Surprise!" they cried, and they showed her the glittering birthday cake, and the gown—a blue one—that was lovely enough for a princess.

"Because you really are a princess, my dear," said Flora. "Your true name is Princess Aurora, and tonight you must return once more to your father's palace."

The young girl was very unhappy at these words. She did not want to be a princess if it meant she must leave the forest and never see her true love again. Why, she had not even learned his name!

But the fairies had given their promise. When they had all had some cake, and had sung "Happy Birthday," they whisked Aurora away to her father's palace.

"Good-by, dear child," called the fairies sadly, as they flew away.

They had traveled only a short distance when the sky grew dark and a howling wind arose.

"Maleficent!" gasped Flora. "We must return to the princess!"

Like three lost sunbeams the good fairies streaked through the darkness to the palace. They hurried to Aurora's room.

"She's gone!" squeaked Merryweather. "What shall we do?"

"Find her!" commanded Flora. "There is a light in the tower! Perhaps Maleficent led her there!"

Up the winding stairs they went. At the top, a terrible sight met their eyes. Aurora was standing beside a golden spinning wheel. To their horror she was touching the golden spindle.

"Stop! Oh, stop!" cried Flora. But she was too late. Princess Aurora fell to the floor.

"Oh, dear!" sobbed Fauna. "The king will be heartbroken!"

"He will never know it," declared Flora. "I shall put everyone in the palace to sleep, to awaken only when Princess Aurora wakes."

She waved her magic wand. And all over the palace, people stopped what they were doing.

The guards fell asleep at the gates.

The king slept on his throne.

The musicians stopped playing in the middle of a waltz.

The palace was silent.

"And now we must find the princess's true love," said Flora. "He is the only one who can awaken her."

Once again the three fairies flew swiftly through the night. At last they found Aurora's true love. When he told them he was a prince as well, and would gladly die to save the beautiful maiden, the fairies were delighted.

"Here is the sword of truth," said Fauna. "You will need it to fight Maleficent!"

"And here is the shield of virtue," said Flora. "Fight well for our dear princess."

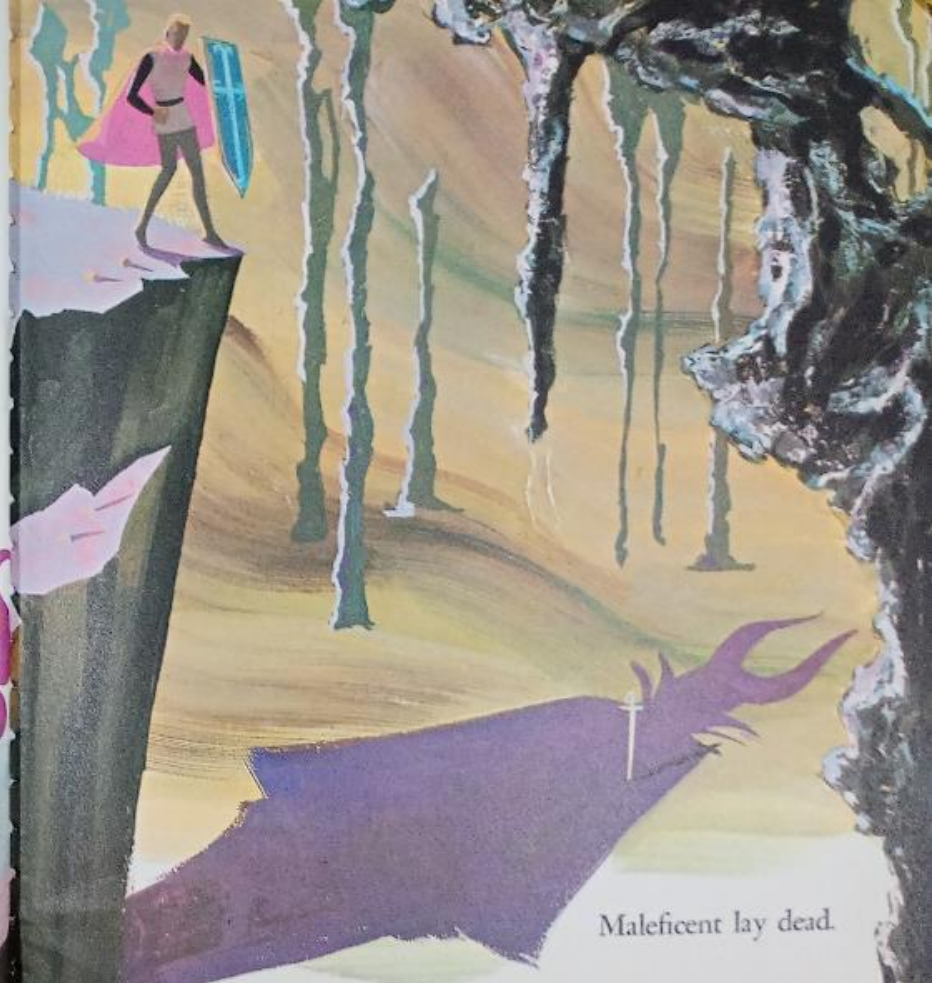
Prince Phillip leaped upon his horse Samson and rode toward the palace of the king.

As he rode, Maleficent looked down from her castle and saw him.

"He must not reach her!" she screamed. "I'll surround the palace with a wall of deadly thorns."

But the prince rode fearlessly into the wall, cutting the thorns away with the sword of truth, fending off the sharp points with the shield of virtue.

Then Maleficent turned herself into a raging dragon. She showered rocks upon the prince and breathed fire upon him. But the shield of virtue turned back the rocks and the flame. And the sword of truth flashed through the air into the dragon's heart.



Maleficent lay dead.

The brave prince ran swiftly across the drawbridge, up the stairs, and into the room where the princess lay. He knelt at her bedside and kissed her.

Princess Aurora opened her eyes. She smiled at her own true love kneeling beside her.

Down in the throne room the king opened his eyes and yawned.

The guards stretched at their posts.

The musicians sat up and continued the waltz they had begun.

Happily Prince Phillip and Princess Aurora danced through the great hall, while the good fairies watched from the balcony above.

"I do love happy endings," murmured Merryweather contentedly. And all three fairies waved their magic wands to bring joy and happiness to the royal couple forevermore.

STORY HOUR SERIES

In these picture-story books you will find favorite titles for the tiny tots as well as original stories for the children under ten. These stories have been carefully selected and are beautifully illustrated in color.

STORY · HOUR · BOOKS

- Ship's Dog
- Hucklebones
- Sleepytime Stories
- Jack and the Beanstalk
- The Three Little Pigs
- First Picture Word Book
- Walt Disney's Sleeping Beauty
- Mother Goose
- Busy A B C
- My Prayers
- Mimi

STORY HOUR SERIES

WHITMAN PUBLISHING CO., RACINE, WIS.

2219:49